

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

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### SELECT TALES.

From the Portland Magazine.

#### The Daughter.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Two heavy blows were struck on the huge brass knocker of a house in Backstreet, rather late one evening, when that beautiful street was far less thickly inhabited than at the present day. The kitchen girl, who served as cook, chambermaid, footman and porter, opened the door and confronted a tall, well dressed gentleman, who inquired for the master of the house. Without a moment's delay, the stranger was ushered into the comfortable sitting room occupied by Mr. —, who laid down the Portland Gazette, and removed his feet from their exalted position over the fire-place, to receive his visitor. There was some thing extremely interesting in the appearance of the stranger; his age might be about forty, but his features were handsome and stamped with a cast of settled melancholy, while his manner had that air of quiet gentle breeding which results from a useful intercourse with men and books. He surrendered his hat to the red handed servant, and taking the chair she had planted for him on the hearth-rug, opened his business. After inquiring if Mr. — was not a stockholder in the Cumberland Bank, he stated his wish to purchase twenty shares in that institution at as low per centage as possible. While he was speaking, the look of easy hospitality passed from the stockholder's features, which instantly changed to their usual crafty business expression—he compressed his lips, crossed one leg over the other, and drummed on the stand beside him with the air of a man debating about an offer he can well afford to refuse.

'Really, I don't know,' he said with a becoming share of indifference, 'stock in our bank is first-rate property—if I sell twenty shares I shall want a handsome premium. How much do you expect to pay?'

The stranger replied, by asking how the Cumberland stock then stood.

'High—always high,' replied the other, avoiding a direct answer. 'Ours is a safe institution—yields fine dividends—the only bank in the state that held out specie payments through the last war—shares always above par—' he was running on in praise of the hobby, but the stringer bro't him to the point, by saying that he had left a daughter at the inn near by, who would be anxious for his return, and that he must solicit a direct answer to his proposition.

'Well, what do you say to eight per cent?' replied the capitalist.

'That is more than I am prepared to pay—the best stocks in Boston were not more than five when I left.'

'You are from Boston then, inquired, or rather affirmed the stockholder, losing sight of his bargain in the eagerness of his curiosity.

The stranger calmly replied that he was.

'Came this morning in the sloop Mary Ann, I suppose?' persisted the inquirer.

'Yes,' was the dry answer, which would have silenced any man born south of New England; but Mr. —, a heavy stockholder in a wealthy state bank, had a comfortable sense of his own importance. What is money good for if it will not enable its possessor to be ill-bred when he pleases? Nothing certainly. Mr. — had an undoubted right to ask impertinent questions—he could afford it—so he went on regardless of the annoyance of his victim.

'Brought your family, you say?'

'All that remains to me,' replied the stranger in a broken voice, while an expression of anguish contracted his high forehead and trembled on his lips, unregarded by his ruthless questioner, who continued—

'Probably you intend to settle in Portland?'

'No, Sir.'

'Back in the country then?'

'Yes.'

'On the Kennebec?'

'No on the Androscoggin.'

'Why, what can such a person as you appear to be, expect to do away back in the woods?—oh, I see—got men up there getting out lumber—fine reason for logging.'

The stranger saw that there were no hopes of concluding his business, till he had furnished the stockholder with his history, past, present and to come; so in a few hurried words he stated that he was a native of Maine, but had spent most of his life in Boston as a merchant—that he had amassed a large property there, which had been greatly diminished by the villany of one he had trusted. His voice faltered as he went on to say, that his wife and two children had died in the same year, leaving him one daughter, with whom he was removing to a little farm that he had purchased in Oxford county.

The curiosity of the capitalist being satisfied he no longer hesitated to close his bargain, which was finally settled by the stranger's paying two thousand one hundred and twenty dollars—we like to be particular in money matters—for which he received the requisite twenty shares of stock in the good old Cumberland Bank. Mr. — politely attended his visitor to the door, and, wishing him a good evening, returned to his sitting room. He took up the roll of bank bills he had just received, looked them all over carefully, counted them three times, and then deposited them in an old black wallet with the comfortable smile of a successful bargainer.

Meanwhile the stranger made his way to Peck's tavern, still to be found, with other occupants, at the corner of Maine and Beaver streets. He entered a private room where he had left his daughter, a delicate girl of fourteen. She was in deep mourning, and her glossy curls, almost as black as her dress, were confined back by a circular comb of wrought shell, and dropped over her neck and shoulders as she bent with a willowy gracefulness toward the fire; her tiny hands clasped on her knee, and her large dark eyes fixed mournfully on the blaze. Tears were stealing unheeded down her cheeks and she was too much absorbed to notice the entrance of her father, till he had almost reached the low stool on which she was seated. Hastily drawing her hand over her eyes and shaking her curls forward in a vain endeavor

to hide her tearful cheek, she arose and stood before him as if detected in some evil. Mr. Suthgate seated himself, and drawing the beautiful child to his knee inquired if his absence had seemed tedious; and then, seeing the tears on her face, as he kissed her, said in a tone of gentle chiding,

'Shame, Grace your eyes are full of tears—surely you were not afraid to stay alone.'

'No, papa, but—,' she hesitated, and the tears again sprang to her eyes.

'But what child?'

'I was thinking of mamma and of all she said to me that night, and I cried for fear that I could not do all she wished; she told me to fill her place—to be all that she had been to you; but oh, papa! I never, never can be so good;—and the motherless girl threw her arms about her father's neck and sobbed on the bosom to which he pressed her, while his tears rained over her head, and a prayer was swelling his heart—a prayer of thanksgiving, that when the blossom of his happiness was blasted, a bud was left in its place so full of purity and rich promise.'

'Papa,' said the young orphan, raising her innocent face from the paternal bosom, 'do you think mamma can hear me now, when I promise to obey her wishes as near as I can?—it seems to me sometimes when I kneel to say my prayers, as if I could feel her breath on my forehead as she whispers prayerful words into my heart—then I close my eyes, and strange sweet thoughts seem rising and turning to words, till I can scarcely utter them for happiness—and then there is such a still contented feeling, comes over me—Father, am I wicked, am I forgetful, because I do not feel so sorry that poor mamma is dead at such times?'

'No, my sweet child, it is the balm which God himself administers to the broken heart—but for such merciful comfortings your father too must have sunk to the grave. But sit down and listen to me, Grace—you know nothing of the life we are to lead in our new habitation. It was your sainted mother's request that you should be removed from the city to the quiet of a country life, where you should become the pupil of your father, and take upon you such charges as will serve to render you useful in the humble lot my broken spirits and impoverished fortune has left to us. Grace, can you cheerfully undertake the hardships of a life so monotonous?'

'I can, father,' replied the gentle child, raising the meek eyes she had inherited from her lost mother to his face, with the confidence of a pure heart untried in the struggles of life. Again she was pressed to her parent's bosom and again he thanked God that so much happiness was left to him.

Early the next morning, Mr. Suthgate and his daughter started on their journey to the

interior. At Paris they left the public conveyance and proceeded in a hired chaise. As they penetrated into the country toward Woodstock, the scenery, hitherto cultivated and pastoral swelled gradually into irregular hills, broken occasionally into huge precipices, thrusting their granite crags through their covering of underwood and forest trees. As they proceeded spots of picturesque grandeur broke upon their view at every turn of the road. Now our travelers were in the depth of a valley, and then a bleak precipice shot its cliffs over their heads as they wound up the brow of a hill, while the waters of a mountain-lake lay sleeping beneath them, in the dense shadow thrown by an unbroken rocky causeway frowning on the opposite shore, surmounted by a range of blasted trees, and appearing like a close file of dusky giants, each brandishing his spear against the sky. In these wild hills the cross roads were rough and dangerous. More than once Mr. Suthgate and poor Grace were obliged to leave the chaise and pick their way through the stones, choking the road, and not unfrequently bounding down the steep, loosened by the horse, in his struggle for a sure foothold, as he toiled on with the empty chaise. The day was waning when our travelers reached the end of their journey. For more than a mile their road had run along the very summit of a hill, exceedingly broken, yet commanding a fine view of the country. Suddenly it swept back from an eminence running parallel, and the road turned sharply down into a little valley of some twenty acres. Through a chasm between the two hills a mountain-stream dashed in a sheet of foam to the valley, and wound in a considerable body through an opening in the north. Just in the curve of the hill stood a small, neatly furnished house, with a meadow spreading its green bosom in front, and a small garden, hedged by rows of currant bushes and cherry trees, both ruddy with fruit, stretching to a precipice at the back. Mr. Suthgate checked his horse at the bend of the road, and pointing to the valley as it lay, serene and beautiful, in the bosom of the hills, said,

'There Grace is our farm—look at it—then look abroad, and say if the whole is not even more beautiful than I have described it.'

Grace bent eagerly forward, and for some moments remained breathlessly gazing on the sublime scenery around her.—Lesser declivities than the one on which they stood, were swelling away on either side like a succession of broken waves, till their undulations were lost in the distant landscape, spreading away to the horizon in a sea of forest trees. Cultivated farms occasionally broke the monotonous foliage of a hill side, or smiled in the valleys like spots of joy in the waste of life; while here and there stupendous fragments of

rocks upreared their rifted heads from the bosom of the wilderness like the battlements of a darker world, their sides dashed sparingly with stunted trees, dead pines bristling up their naked sides, and the green monarchs of the forest crowding to their feet as if to do them homage. The sun was on the verge of the horizon showering its 'powdered gold' over a portion of the west, melting into purple twilight over the still bosom of the forest. Regardless of fatigue, the father and daughter sat gazing upon the scene, wrapped in mournful thoughts, which so naturally steal upon the mind when the day is expiring. Neither spoke, for both were thinking of her who had been the sun of their little world.

'Halloo there—what's the difficulty,' inquired a lusty farmer, riding up the hill with a bag of newly ground meal thrown across his horse by way of saddle—'hallow—does your horse shy, or have you lost a linchpin?'

Mr. Suthgate took up his reins, and answering that nothing was the matter, was proceeding down the hill—but his new friend soon came on a level with him and drew up for a parley.

'Rather guess I've seen that 'ere horse o' yours afore, hav'nt I?—don't he belong on Paris Hill?'

Mr. Suthgate replied that it did.

'Sartin on't the first minit—any news stirrin?'

Mr. Suthgate replied that he knew of none.

'Belong on Paris Hill, ha?'

'No, in Boston.'

'Boston!—why you an't the man that's bought Mr. Dean's place down below here, are you?'

'Yes, I have purchased the farm at the foot of the hill.'

'Wal, now I thought so—glad to see you, Mr. Suthgate—that's your name they tell me—hope you'll be neighborly—I live in the black house you've juss past,—and the good-hearted fellow reached over and shook Mr. Suthgate's hand, as if he had been swinging flax for a wager; then resuming his perpendicular on the meal-bag, he continued,

'That's your daughter I s'pose?'

'Yes, my only child.'

'I've got one just about her age—I'll send her over to scrape acquaintance to-morrow—you'll find my oldest girl waiting for you.'

Grace smiled gently, and said she should be happy to see his daughter.

'Yes I warrant you'll be like two peas in a pod—you'll find all your things in order. Mr. Suthgate—we went down and helped unload the goods night afore last—they are all put up just as you wrote—if there's any thing more to do I'll ride back with you.'

Mr. Suthgate thanked him as his kindness deserved, but declined troubling him.

'Wal good night then—if any thing's want-



ed you'll know where to send—my name's Hinman;—then the kind farmer settled himself on his meal-bag, and admonishing his horse with his stirrupless foot trotted toward home, while his new neighbors proceeded to their habitation.

As Mr. Hinman had taught them to expect, they found his daughter waiting their arrival, and, after a slight supper, Grace received her father's kiss and went to her little chamber. Her heart swelled as she entered it. The furniture was that of her bed chamber in Boston—the same white counterpane was on the bed—and the night wind came through the small open sashes laden with the breath of wild flowers, and played with its invisible fingers among the snowy folds of the same muslin curtain that draped her windows at home.

'How very, very good it was in dear papa to think of bringing all these things here,' were the grateful thoughts with which the young girl sunk to sleep.

Mr. Suthgate had selected the occupation of a farmer as that in which he should close his life: but with his new station he still retained all the refinements of his former one. His was an intellect that never could become subservient to the propensities; benevolence and true religion seemed a ruling passion of his nature, and he had sought the quiet of a country life, rather from a disinclination to remain longer in a pursuit, which too often debases all the faculties of the soul into an accordance with the one great passion for gain, than because his fallen fortunes had rendered it absolutely necessary. He had transported to his remote farm such of his household goods as were most associated with the memory of his deceased wife. The library out of which they had read together—the globes from which they had given lessons to their child—the mathematical instruments, whose uses they had studied—the piano she had touched,—all were placed in the little parlor which, with a kitchen, bed room, and porch, constituted the lower part of the house. Sarah Hinman, a good natured girl, perfectly at home in all the branches of house-wifery, remained several weeks with her new neighbors, in order to instruct the inexperienced Grace in her various duties; then the father and daughter were left to the quiet enjoyment of their home. Three years had passed away and time had yielded its balm to the hearts of the widower and orphan, yet had wrought but little change in the person of Mr. Suthgate. If his ample forehead was not quite so smooth and white, the glow of a contented spirit broke over it with a compensating luster: and the few additional lines about his mouth took nothing from the benevolence of his smile. His face was slightly sun burnt, and his hands em-

browned with labor; but a robust form, with habits cheerful and healthy, had taken place of his former pale and melancholly expression of countenance, and the gentle Grace never thought of the hardness of his hand when it was laid in blessing on her head.

The change that had come over Grace Suthgate was beautiful. She had gained but little in height, but her form was more gracefully rounded, her hair more abundant, and her clear white cheek dimpled sweetly when she smiled; while her lips, like strawberries, in brightness and color, took away the appearance of ill health, which her perfect whiteness might otherwise have conveyed. Pure in person and more pure in mind was Grace Suthgate; and it was beautiful to see her, after performing the labor of her little household, draw a stool to her father's feet, even as she had done when a child; and with her knittingwork in her hand, and a book upon her knee, spend the long winter evening in adding to her stock of mental wealth; now and then laying down her work and leaning on her father's knee, with her sweet eyes raised to his, as he explained a passage which had puzzled her. Every night since her mother's death had the good girl prayed, that she might be enabled to fulfil the duties that death had imposed on her youth; and every day Mr. Suthgate felt more strongly the benevolence of God in granting him a child, so lovely and so good, to cheer the solitude of his heart. She was to him a companion, child and friend, strengthening her intellect to meet his, and drinking with avidity the moral and scientific lessons he loved to teach her. It was scarcely possible for two persons to be thrown more completely on each other for happiness, yet they never lacked resources. Together they planted their little garden with vegetables and flowers, honeysuckles were taught to trail over their parlor window, red and white rose-bushes formed a little wilderness about the house, and a young apple orchard at the foot of the meadow, gave rich promise of fruit in after summers.

Mr. Hinman, who was their nearest neighbor, lived a mile distant over the hill; and about three miles from the outlet of the valley was a cluster of four or five houses, a grist mill and a store. A few months after their arrival in the valley, Sarah Hinman had been married and had removed from the neighborhood; while Nancy, the younger daughter, fully verified her father's prediction, of showing her rosy face at Mr. Suthgate's at least twice each week. One morning Nancy came running down the steep beyond the house, with her bonnet hanging by the strings and flying out behind, and her large hazle eyes dancing with delight.

'Grace—Grace Suthgate! where are you?' she exclaimed, running from one room to

another till she found the object of her search in the porch, moulding and stamping delicate little cakes from a heap of golden butter lying in a tray before her,—'Oh, I'm so tired—I'm so happy—who do you think has come?'

'I am sure I cannot tell, Nancy.'

'But guess—guess.'

'Well, your sister and her husband.'

'No, James, brother James and he has not been at home before in six years—you can't think how handsome he is—his hair is all combed up in the tip of the mode, and his coat reaches almost to his heels, and shines just like satin; and then he has got such a proud, pert kind of a way, just as all the gentle folks have; I'm so glad I could jump over the house,'—and the happy girl began to dance round the room like a crazy creature; then pulling her bonnet over her head she darted away, saying, 'Well, I must go, for I ran away, just to tell you that James and I are coming down here;—he says he's failed in business, and is going to stay at home all winter—but I'll tell the rest when I come again, so be ready for us, for he takes a great deal of notice, I can tell you.'

Before she had finished her speech the restless girl was half way down the meadow, leaving Grace to her own conjectures about the time of the promised visit. Of James Hinman she had never heard, except when Nancy, with pardonable vanity, occasionally boasted of her brother, the merchant in Boston. In truth there was little known of his recent life, even by his own family. He had left home in his nineteenth year, because his father had reproached him for idleness on the farm. Nothing was heard of him until nearly three years had passed, when a letter came, stating that he occupied the situation of a clerk in a drygood store, in Boston. Another year elapsed and then came a second, written in a bold, flourishing hand, and announcing the fact that Mr. Hinman's son had become a merchant.

There was a tone of consequential arrogance running through Mr. James Hinman's epistle, by no means palatable to his honest father. He wrote patronizingly to the whole family: was for removing his unmarried sister to the city, that she might be accomplished; and hoped that his father would not think of visiting him, without first providing himself with a new suit of broad cloth as he assured him that his 'best coat' would be sadly out of fashion in Boston. This was the unkindest cut of all. Mr. Hinman could bear that his son should be idle and run away—that he should seldom write and never visit home; but when he presumed to insinuate that his blue coat was not exactly the thing; the venerable garment that had performed duty on his wedding-day, and clothed his

broad shoulders every sabbath, to say nothing of town meetings and muster days, for the last twenty-five years—when James Hinman dare I to do this, the father was convinced that he was utterly degenerate, and with a heavy heart he prepared to ascertain the facts of his son's situation. Early one fine morning his horse was brought to the door, and an old pair of saddle bags thrown over his back, with one end stuffed with oats for the beast, and the other equally filled with a box of baked beans, six dough nuts and a lump of cheese for the man. Mr. Hinman shook hands with his wife and daughter, tried the stirrup with his foot and raised himself cautiously to his seat on the saddle-bags: then taking a bundle from his wife, which contained the aforesaid wedding coat, with other things to match, he swung it on his arm; and with his nether limbs snugly cushioned against the oats and dough-nuts, started on a sober trot for Boston.

The events of Hinman's journey were never made public; but it was observed that he never boasted of his son after his return, and that he hated every thing in the shape of a dandy. When the hopeful youth returned home, and announced his intention of remaining there for an indefinite space of time, giving for a reason that his business had been ruined and his property lost by the villany of a partner, Mr. Hinman answered bluntly, that he was welcome to stay at home so long as he behaved himself—but as for the story about the loss of property he did not believe a word of it, in as much as Jim had never been worth a dollar in his life, nor never was like to be unless he changed his ways.

It was nearly evening, on the same day that Nancy Hinman had announced her brother's arrival, when she called with him to pay their promised visit. During their walk the young gentleman edified his sister with an account of some dozen of the most fashionable ladies in Boston, who had evinced unequivocal symptoms of attachment to him, but to none of whom had he deigned to give the least encouragement. The innocent Nancy, fully impressed with her brother's importance, began to tremble for her friend, who she was certain must become the thirteenth victim to the invincible attractions which had already done so much execution. But to her surprise, Grace was by no means so completely captivated as she anticipated. She had seen too many of the really high bred during her mother's life time, not to feel an instinctive repugnance to the second hand airs and underbred pretensions which characterized James Hinman; and from the period of his first visit the sweet girl experienced a feeling of dislike while in his company, which she condemned as uncharitable, yet could

not entirely overcome. Not so with the gentleman; whatever had been his cruelty to the city ladies, he seemed by no means inclined to practice any in his intercourse with the beautiful country girl. He haunted her like her shadow, broke in upon her walks, obtruded upon her during her morning avocations, and entirely broke up the pleasant evenings she had delighted to spend with her father. These intrusions but served to confirm Grace in her dislike, and to render his society an evil which she struggled to bear patiently.

One morning in the early part of June, about a month after young Hinman's arrival, he called at Mr. Suthgate's with an offering of flowers, as ill assorted as his character. Grace accepted them, and saw him depart, with the earnest hope that his visit would not be repeated that day. A pleasant shower came up in the afternoon, which confined Mr. Suthgate to the house. Before the tea things were removed from the parlor, the rain had abated. Grace drew her father's seat to one of the front windows and opened the sash, that he might enjoy the delicious air, as it came up from its revelry among the wild flowers. Their little farm would have made a beautiful picture, as it lay outspread before them. The meadow, with its springing grass, sloped gently from the door, gemmed all over with rain drops and with a profusion of dandelions, that had unfolded their golden crowns at the first pattering summons of the shower. The river's brink was blue with violets, and the opposite hill towered against the sky, clothed in the pale green foliage of Spring, broken by the snowy blossoms of the hawthorn, or the crimson buds of the white-oak, as they blushed into life. The swollen water foamed onward to its outlet, and a dozen mountain streams, children of the storm, made bold music as they left their caverns, tossing their spray, scattering foam like snow-flakes on the green moss, and dashing from cliff to cliff down the face of the hill. A rainbow flung its brilliant arch from east to west, just over the water fall, and the black clouds, rolling in solemn grandeur to the horizon, melted away into fleecy billows, as the sun poured its light upon them.

'Oh, how *she* would have enjoyed this,' muttered Mr. Suthgate, drawing his hand across his wet eyes.

Grace threw her arms around his neck and whispered, in a voice that was thrillingly sweet, when she deeply felt—'Yes, father, but how much greater must her enjoyment be in the brighter scenes to which she is gone; or how do we know that her pure spirit may not be here, communing with ours even now? I have often thought such things, when I have been wakeful in the still night.'

Mr. Suthgate made no answer: his heart

was busy with the past, and he abruptly left the room. When he returned, James Hinman was seated by his daughter, and seemed waiting her reply to something he had been saying. His look was anxious and his manner impatient, while she seemed lost in astonishment and something very like anger; her cheeks were flushed, her eyes opened wide, and her lips slightly divided, like the unfolding of a rose bud. Hinman started from his chair, as Mr. Suthgate entered, and began to walk the room impatiently. Just then a knocking was heard at the door. As Mr. Suthgate left the room at the summons, Hinman hastily approached Grace and said—

'I will call again to-morrow, and then I shall hope to receive the answer your flattering embarrassment has deprived me of.'

Grace was about to speak, but that moment her father returned, followed by a young gentleman, whose features struck Grace as familiar, yet whom she could not instantly recognize. The stranger lifted his hat from the mass of brown hair, brushed up from his broad forehead, in the fashion of the day, and, with his hand extended, advanced eagerly toward her. Grace gave him her hand irresolutely, and looked inquiringly into his face.

'What! have you forgotten me?' exclaimed he, evidently mortified with his reception.

'My daughter can scarcely be expected to detect her old playfellow in the man before her,' said Mr. Suthgate, smiling, as he glanced at the manly face and finely proportioned form of the stranger;—'Grace it is your cousin Henry Blair.'

The young man had his eyes fixed admiringly on his cousin, as her father spoke. Instantly her features lighted up with a beautiful expression of joy; and her hand, which was still in his, warmly returned, his clasp.

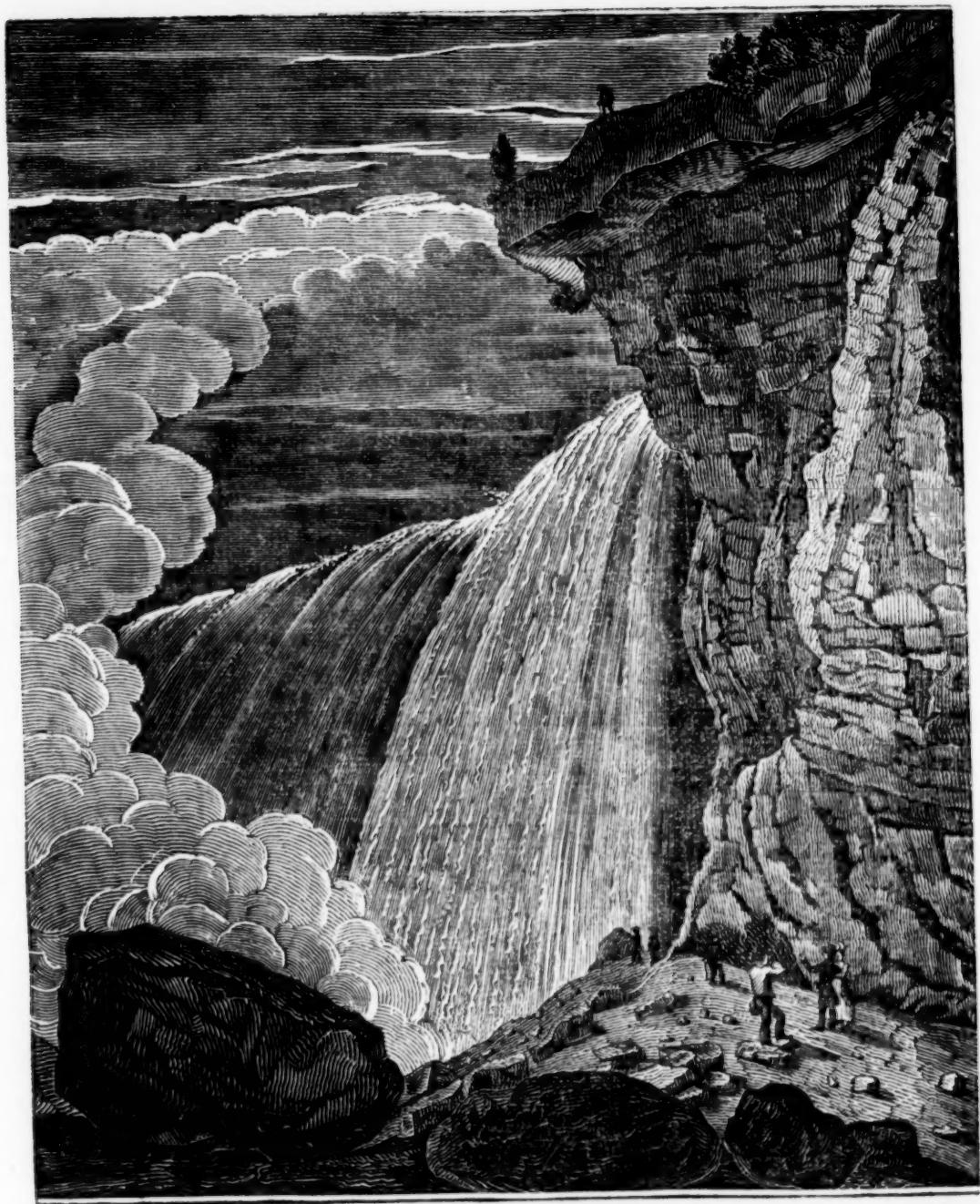
'I never should have recognized you,' she said, 'you are so much taller, and your eyes—' she hesitated and blushed deeply, for the bright blue orbs of which she spoke, met her's with such an expression of pleasure, that somehow they confused her.

'My eyes,' said he, laughing, so as to display the edges of a set of teeth, even and exquisitely white—'My eyes must be sad bunglers, if they do not say that this is the happiest moment I have known since I used to torment you with my pranks. But I am come to live my childhood over again, if you dare venture to give me a home for a few weeks.'

Grace smiled, and her father expressed his pleasure. As Blair turned to place his hat on a table, his eyes fell on James Hinman. Instantly his features underwent a change; and, with a cold haughty air of recognition, he passed on, without appearing to observe the hand which the other, though with evident







FALLS OF NIAGARA.

constraint, had extended. Hinman dropped his hand, the blood gushed over his face, the veins on his forehead swelled with suppressed rage, and a dusky glow broke from his eyes:—yet he did not for a moment lose the affected softness of his manner;—he lingered awhile in the room, and then departed, without addressing Blair.

'You have met that young man before, it would seem,' observed Mr. Suthgate, as Hinman left the room.

'Yes,' replied Blair, 'but I certainly did not expect to meet him in the house of my mother's brother.'

'His father is our nearest and best neighbor;—but do you know aught of his character, which should prevent us from receiving him as a visitor?'

'Nothing from personal observation, but he is said to have swindled his partner out of a considerable amount, and his character is generally suspicious.'

'I feared as much,' said Mr. Suthgate, thoughtfully. 'Yet for his father's sake, we cannot change our conduct with regard to him; but take a seat, Harry, and tell us how you happened to drop in upon us so suddenly.'

'Indeed, I can hardly inform you, uncle. I had finished my studies, and you being my nearest relative, now that my parents are gone, I took it into my head to visit your little farm, and talk over old times with my sweet cousin here—and now, with your permission, I will partake of the cold chicken she has provided so expeditiously;—and, without further ceremony, he seated himself by the tray of refreshments, which Grace had just brought in, and to which, it must be admitted, he did all reasonable justice.

[To Be Continued.]

### The Falls of Niagara.

NAME which calls up so many interesting associations; and awakens so many pleasing reminiscences! The stupendous monument of the Creator's power in the natural world; 'the diapason of fresh waters;' a most interesting object to the curious, the lover of nature, the philosopher and the Christian; a spot, where man and all his works shrink into insignificance; and whence

'The war of waters, from the headless height,' is heard many miles around;—this soul-absorbing object is situated between lakes Erie and Ontario; and the strait of this name forms a part of the boundary line between New-York and Canada. The name is an Indian appellation, which has been spelled many different ways, and its pronunciation has been equally diversified—its signification, also, is variously given by different authors. Schoolcraft asserts, that 'it is an Iroquois word, said to signify the thunder of waters;

and the word is still pronounced by the Senecas, Oniagarah, being strongly accented on the third syllable, while the interjection O is so feebly uttered, that without a nice attention it may escape notice.' McKim says, 'some of the Cayuga chiefs informed me that the true name (perhaps in their language) is Ochniagara, an old compound word, signifying a large neck of water.' He also says it has been called Iagara. Spafford says, it signifies 'across a neck or strait.' Knox says, it is 'called by the savages Ochniagara or Oghniagara, and by our abbreviation, Niagara.' On Creuxio's map of 1660, it is spelled Ugniara. In order to form an accurate idea of the Falls of Niagara, we must trace back to their source the waters which are precipitated over them. The Niagara Strait is only a part of the great river St. Lawrence, which has its origin about 1250 miles north-west of the Falls. The St. Louis is probably the most distant source of this mighty river; and that rises about 155 miles N. W. of Lake Superior, at an elevation of about 1200 feet above the level of the sea. In its course to Lake Superior it descends 551 feet; that lake being 641 feet above tide water, 500 miles by 60 in mean length and breadth, 900 feet in mean depth, and 1200 at greatest depth. From lake Superior, the river descends through the Strait of St. Mary, a distance of 60 miles, about 45 feet, to Lakes Huron and Michigan, the former of which is about 200 miles by 95 in its mean length and breadth, the latter 300 miles by 50 in mean length and breadth. Each is about the same depth with Lake Superior, and their level is 596 feet above the sea. From Lake Huron, the river descends about 31 feet to Lake Erie, through the Strait and Lake of St. Clair, and Detroit river, a distance of about 90 miles. Lake Erie is the most shallow of all the great lakes, being only 120 feet in mean depth, and 300 feet in greatest depth. Its mean length and breadth is 290 by 35 miles, and its level is 565 feet above the sea. This lake 'may be regarded as the great central reservoir from which open, in all directions, the most extensive channels of inland navigation to be found in the world; enabling vessels of the lake to traverse the whole interior of the country, to visit the Atlantic at the north, or in the south, and collect the products, the luxuries and wealth of every clime and country.' The Niagara Strait conducts the waters of Lake Erie to Lake Ontario; and in its winding, is about 37 miles in length; the direct distance between the two lakes being about 25 miles, and the descent, 334 feet. Lake Ontario is in mean length and breadth 180 by 30 miles; and in its mean depth about 300 feet. Its greatest depth is stated at 534 feet; but Bouchette says, that attempts have been made to find soundings in the middle with

a line of 300 fathoms (1800 feet) without striking the bottom! Compared with its surface, this is the deepest of the great lakes. It was called by the French *Frontinac*, from their governor general of Canada; and by the Iroquois, *Skanadario*, 'a very pretty lake.' This, says Bouchette, 'is the last or lowest of those vast inland seas of fresh water that are the wonder and admiration of the world.' It was no doubt formerly about 200 feet higher than it is at the present time; and its waters were then probably discharged into the ocean through the Hudson, or perhaps the Susquehanna, instead of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. From Ontario, the St. Lawrence wends its way to the ocean, through the thousand Islands, the Lakes St. Francis, St. Louis and St. Peter; and many splendid rapids, and other objects of interest, occur in its course, which cannot here be even referred to.

It is mentioned above, that Niagara Strait, or Niagara river, as it is generally called, has a descent of 334 feet. The rapidity of the current is almost as variable as the breadth and depth of the river. At the rapids opposite to Black Rock, the velocity is probably not less than from six to eight miles an hour; but below that, to the Rapids immediately above the Falls, the stream slips quietly along, and its current is not more than from two to four miles. At the Rapids above the Falls, the velocity is astonishingly increased; and below the Falls, to Lewiston and Queenston, it is amazingly rapid, the water rushing, in some places, with inconceivable fury; but from Lewiston and Queenston, to Lake Ontario, it becomes navigable, and the current averages, perhaps, about two miles an hour. The descent of 334 feet occurs mostly within the 7 or 8 miles above Lewiston and Queenston. The descent from Lake Erie, to Black Rock, is about six feet and thence to within half a mile of the Falls, about ten feet. In the half mile immediately above the Falls, the descent is 53 feet, to the Crescent or Horse-Shoe Fall, which is 154 feet in perpendicular descent. From the Falls to Lewiston and Queenston, the descent is 104 feet, and thence to Lake Ontario, two feet, in all 334 feet. Above the Falls, the banks of the river vary in height, from 5 to 100 feet; but below, to Queenston, the stream flows between perpendicular banks, from, 170 to 370 feet high. As the bed of the river descends, the banks are said gradually to rise; though, as the perpendicular height of the upper bank at Table Rock to the water is 153 feet and the river descends 104 feet from the Falls to Queenston, making in all, 441 feet, and the heights at Queenston are only 370½ feet above the water there, it would seem that such a rise in the banks does not take place.

In its course, the Niagara embraces forty Islands some of which are exceeding inter-



esting though many of them are small, low and swampy. I shall make mention of but two, *Grand Island*, is the largest of these, and is the most valuable. It is 9 or 10 miles in length, and its greatest width is  $6\frac{1}{2}$ . It has been rendered celebrated by the contemplated foundation, in 1825, of the Jewish city, Ararat, by Major Noah, of New-York—the site of which is now occupied by White-Haven. *Goat Island* is situated at the verge of the Falls, and forms the division between them. It is about half a mile long, and a quarter broad, and contains 62 acres. Having taken this brief preliminary view of the waters of the St. Lawrence, and the natural features of the Niagara, we come now to the center of all the attractions of this region of many wonders—**THE FALLS**; for this, *par excellence*, is their appropriate cognomen, there being no others like them in the world, none that can dispute with them the claim to this characteristic and appropriate title.—‘They are alone in their kind. Though a water-fall, this is not to be compared with other water-falls; in its majesty, its supremacy, and its influence upon the soul of man, its brotherhood is with the living ocean and the eternal hills.’ ‘There is nought like thee! thou art alone!’ I have already mentioned the position of the Falls when speaking of the strait in which they are situated. They are about 23 miles from Lake Erie, and 14 from Ontario, in a straight line. As already mentioned, the river at the Falls makes a very abrupt turn, and runs almost in a right angle with its former course; and at the same time it is suddenly contracted from about a mile, to one-eighth of a mile in width. *Goat Island* is at the verge, and divides the Falls into two great sections; while a smaller islet called *Prospect Island*, also on the verge, divides the smaller of these two sections in two parts, so that there are three distinct Falls. That next to the New-York shore, and the most northerly of the three, is called the *Schlosser Fall*, and is about 56 rods in width, 167 feet in perpendicular descent. *Prospect Island*, adjoining, is about 10 yards in width, and the smaller, or *Central Fall*, is also about 10 yards. *Goat Island* is about 80 rods in width at the edge, and the *Great Crescent* or *Horse-Shoe Fall*, which extends from Goat Island to the Canada Shore, is about a quarter of a mile in a direct line, or about half a mile following the line of the curve. This latter has a perpendicular descent of 154 feet; but owing to its being 13 feet less than the *Schlosser Fall*, a much greater body of water passes over it; and it is to its inferior height that its much greater magnitude is owing. The water when projected over the Falls does not descend perpendicularly; but owing to the immense velocity which it has acquired, before reaching the edge, it follows the gen-

eral laws of all projectiles and descends in a parabolic curve. Its color is not the same in every part; but is beautifully diversified, being snowy white, amber, brown, yellowish, blueish, and green of various shades; and at the central part of *Crescent Fall*, where the water is deepest, its color is a most beautiful emerald green. The color varies, too, at different times. After a very heavy rain, or high wind, the waters above the Falls become discolored and dirty from the impurities brought into the stream by the creeks on its margin; but these impurities add to the beauty of the Falls, unless the water is so extensively discolored, as to deprive it of its green appearance, which I have sometimes observed to be the case.

The water falls in so great a body, and from such an immense height, that much of it is converted into spray, long before it reaches the bottom; and clouds of mist are continually rising, often to a very great height. So high indeed, that it may sometimes be seen at the distance of 50 miles; and of course may be observed at the same time by spectators who are 100 miles distant from each other! This great body of water, too, falling with such prodigious force, is changed at the bottom into a white foam, and has the appearance of a mighty river of cream. It is not till it has been carried some distance down the stream, that it regains its green color. It is exceedingly interesting to watch the various phenomena of this foam and mist: to trace the apparent boiling of the immense cauldron of milk below, and the ascending clouds of vapor above; and the various currents and counter-currents, flowing with great impetuosity, in all directions. The laboring stream seems inwardly convulsed, heaving and throbbing in dark and bubbling whirlpools, as if it threatened every moment to eject some of the mystic terrors of the deep. This effect is probably produced by the re-action of the ascending waters. Precipitated in such a great body, and to such an extraordinary depth, by their own prodigious gravity, and the force of their impulsion and involving with them a great quantity of fixed air, they re-ascend to the surface in a struggling career, checked by the weight of the superincumbent water. The immense depth from which they ascend, causes the moving of the whole mass of water in the basin;

‘And their earth-shaking roar comes deadened up  
Like subterranean thunders.’

The quantity of water precipitated over the Falls has been estimated by President Dwight, at 102,093,750 tons, and by Darby, at 1,672,704,000 cubic feet, per hour; and by Picken, at 113,510,000 gallons, or 13,324,000 cubic feet per minute.

**THE RAPIDS.** It has been already observed that the river makes a rapid descent of about 58 feet, in the half mile immediately

above the Falls. A sight of the Rapids produced by this descent, would of itself be worth a long journey, even if there were no other objects of interest in the vicinity. They can be seen from the main shore on both sides, and also from Goat Island; but decidedly the most splendid view of them is from the Canada shore, above Swayzey’s Island. Here you may see the ‘the bounding billows’ tossing 10, 20, and even 30 feet high, and dancing, foaming, and dashing from one declivity to another with inconceivable rapidity, changing the water into spray and foam, and presenting a most magnificent appearance.

**ONWARD!—OVER!**—are the only words that can convey the impression arising from the sight of the Rapids above and the Fall below. They appear to be words spoken by the **ETERNAL**, when the hurrying and splashing, and foaming scene of the Rapids commenced, and when their waters first made their pitch into the awful profound! The impelling mandate has never been for a moment disobeyed, and it is yet ‘onward!’ and ‘over!’ and will be till the same voice shall speak, and alter the arrangement. Many thrilling incidents have occurred among these Rapids. Birds and other animals have frequently been drawn into the current, and precipitated over the Falls; and some instances of the loss of human life have occurred, from a similar cause. ‘Nothing that values its life dares venture it there. The waters refuse the burden of man and of man’s works.’

## MISCELLANY.

### The Spirit of the Night.

As the sun was withdrawing her light from one hemisphere, the guardian spirits of man followed its course, as they were wont, that they might visit every land in turn.

But two who had been among the abodes of men all the day, lingered, unwilling, to leave those to whom they had ministered,

To the one had been committed the urn which held the waters of bitterness, and he was called **Wo**. His young sister was named **Peace**; and in her hand was placed the lyre whose music was of heaven.

‘There are some,’ said **Wo**, ‘who will not be ready to hearken to thee to-morrow, my sister, if I leave them already.’

‘There are also some, my brother, whom I have not soothed to deep repose. Oh! that we might tarry awhile!’

‘We may not tarry, for there is need of us afar. Yet one thing may we do. Let us give of our power to another, that she may minister till we return.’

So they called upon Conscience, and charged her to descend with the shadows of night, and to visit the abodes of men. The angel of **Wo** gave her of the waters of his urn, and



said unto his sister, 'give her thy lyre, for what other music needest thou than thine own songs? What other music is so sweet?'

And when they had charged their messenger to await them at the eastern gate when the morning should open it unto them, they spread their wings and hastened down the West.

The messenger gazed after them afar: and when she marked the dim majesty of the elder spirit, and the mild beauty of his sister, she bent her head and silently went her way.

'What hast thou beheld?' said the angels to their messenger, when the portals of light were unclosed. 'Are the healing waters spent? hath the lyre been tuneful?'

'The waters are not spent,' she replied, 'for mine own tears have made this urn to overflow. The lyre was tuned in paradise; else my trembling had jarred its strings.'

'Alas!' cried the younger spirit, 'where hast thou ministered?'

'When the evening star appeared, I descended among the shadows, where I heard a voice calling me from afar. It came from a space where raging fires were kindled by the hands of priests. Night hovered above, but the flames forbade her approach, and I could not abide longer beneath her wings. He who appealed unto me stood chained amidst the fires which already preyed upon him. I swept the strings of the lyre, and smiles overspread his face. Even while the melody waxed sweeter, the dark-eyed spirit of the tombs came and bore him off asleep.'

The young angel smiled as she said, 'he hearkeneth now to nobler harmonies than ours! But was there none other amidst the flames to whom thou couldst minister?'

Alas! there was one who lied through fear. He was led back to his cell, whither I followed him. I shed the waters into his soul, and the bitterness thereof tormented him more than any scorching flames which could have consumed his body. Yet must I visit him nightly till he dies?'

'Droop not thy wings because of his anguish, my sister,' said the elder spirit. 'He shall yet be thine when he is made pure for thy presence.'

'I have been,' said the messenger, 'beside the couch of the dying, in the palace, and beneath the lowly roof. I have shed into one departing soul the burning tears of the slave, and soothed the spirits of another with the voices of the grateful hearts. I have made the chambers of one rich man echo with the cries of the oppressed, and surrounded the pillow of another with the fatherless who call him parent. Kings have sought to hide themselves as I drew nigh, while the eye of the mourner hath lighted up at my approach. The slumbers of some have I hallowed with

music, while they knew not that I was at hand; and others have I startled with visions, who guessed not whence they came. I am filled with awe at mine own power.'

'It shall increase,' said the elder spirit, 'while mine own wane. The fountain of bitter waters wasteth continually. When it shall be dried up I will break mine urn.'

'And my lyre,' said his sister, 'shall it not be hushed by mightier music from on high?'

'Nay my sister, not then, nor ever. No mightier music shall make men cease to love thine. They shall gather together to hear thee in their cities, and shall seek thee in the wilderness and by the sea shore. The aged shall hear thee chaunt among the tombs, and the young shall dance unto thy lay. Unto the simple shall thy melodies breathe from amidst the flowers of the meadows; and the wise shall they entrance as they go to and fro among the stars.'

Then the messenger sighed, saying, 'when shall these things be?'

'When thou art queen among men. Knowest thou not that such is thy destiny? Thou art now our messenger, but we shall at length be thy servants. Yea, when yonder sun shall wander away into the depths, and the earth shall melt like the morning cloud, it shall be thine to lead the myriads of thy people to the threshold whence the armies of heaven come forth. It shall be thine to open to them the portals, which I may not pass.'—*Miss Martineau.*

### Commencing Business too Early.

LET one thousand young men at the age of 30 years, enter into business with a given amount of capital, all acquired by their own hard earnings, and let them pursue their business 30 years faithfully; that is till they are 60 years of age. Let one thousand more commence at the age of 20, with three times the amount of capital possessed by the former, but at the same time either inherited or loaned by their friends, and let them pursue their calling till they are 60 years of age, or a period of 40 years. We will suppose the natural talents, capacity for doing business, and outgoes—in fact, every thing, the same in both cases. Now it requires no gift of prophesy to foretell with certainly, that at 60 years of age, a far greater proportion of the one thousand who began at 30 and depended solely upon their own exertions, will be men of wealth, than those who began at 20 with three times their capital.

The reason of these results are found in the very nature of things. But I am sustained by facts. Go into any city in the United States, and learn the history of the men who are engaged in active and profitable business, and are thriving in the world, and my word for it, you will find the far greater part began life with nothing, and have had no resources

whatever, but their own head and hands; and in no city is this fact more strikingly verified than in Boston. On the other hand, if you make a list of those who fail in business from year to year, and learn their history, you will find that a very large proportion of their number relied on inheritances, credit, or some kind of foreign aid in early life; and not a few began very young.—*Young Man's Guide.*

**PHILOSOPHY AT FIVE YEARS OF AGE.**—Little G——, when playing the other day, on a pile of wood, fell down and hurt himself. As he lay crying very bitterly, one of his friends passing by lifted him up, and patting him on the head, said to him—'Come my little boy, don't cry; it will be all well to-morrow.'—'Well,' said he, sobbing, 'then I will not cry to-morrow.'

### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

M. T. Detroit, Mich. \$1.00; G. A. P. Columbia, S. C. \$1.00; P. M. Hinesburg, Vt. \$1.00; E. G. P. Ballston Spa, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Ver Bank, N. Y. \$6.00; J. M. K. Livingston, N. Y. \$0.84; C. W. A. Pontiac, Mich. \$5.00; H. M. B. Hinsdale, Ms. \$1.00; W. O. F. Northampton, N. Y. \$2.00.

### MARRIED.

In this city, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whittaker, Mr. George Simpson to Miss Catharine McCann.

In Chatham, on the 24th ult. by Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Barton Husted, Jr. to Miss Harriet Eliza Pulver, both of Chatham.

In Spencertown, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. P. S. Wynkoop, Mr. U. L. Davis, to Miss Mary R. Skiff, both of Spencertown.

At Claverack, on the 30th ult. by the Rev R. Slayter, Mr. Harvey Dakin to Miss Elizabeth Snyder, both of Chatham.

At Claverack, on the 1st inst. by the same, Mr. Tobias Van Deusen, to Miss Lucretia Race, all of Claverack.

### DIED.

In this city, on Monday evening, the 5th inst. Miss Eliza Hathaway, daughter of the late Capt. John Hathaway, in the 44th year of her age.

It is due to the memory of the deceased to say that she possessed a strong mind, a vivid imagination, and a benevolent heart. In the death of Miss Hathaway the Universalist Church in this city has lost a worthy member, society one of its brightest ornaments, and the domestic circle one of its most agreeable companions.

Suffice it to say that she was respected by all who knew her, and her virtues will be long remembered by those who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

In the commencement of her sickness, it was fondly anticipated that the disease with which she was afflicted, would ultimately yield to the superior efficacy and well directed efforts of medical skill; and that she would be raised again to her wonted health and strength. But He in whose hands are the issues of life and of death, had wisely determined to take her to himself.

During her protracted illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, she discovered no signs of impatience, but was perfectly resigned to the will of God; and when the moment of her dissolution arrived, there was no pang, no agonizing convulsion; but she breathed out her soul in peace, and calmly passed away from the entanglements of mortality, to where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.

The deceased has left an aged mother and four sisters to deplore her loss, but they sorrow not as those who have no hope, but are supported by the cheering reflection that though they have been parted on earth, they shall be united in heaven.

May God in infinite wisdom sanctify this bereavement to the good of every branch of the family, and may they hear the still small voice of God in this dispensation of his providence saying to each of them 'Be still and know that I am God.'

'Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,  
When what we now deplore  
Shall rise in full immortal prime,  
And bloom to fade no more.'

W. W.

On the 10th inst. Robert C. Anable, son of Henry Anable, in the 21st year of his age.

On the 28th ult. Jacob Daniel, son of Mr. Noah A. and Mrs. Margaret Spaulding, aged 8 years.

On the 5th inst. Mr. Henry L. Amigh, aged 34 years.

On the 27th ult. Mr. James Boswick, aged 77 years.

In Troy, on the 25th ult. Mrs. Lucretia Rogers, wife of David C. Rogers, in the 36th year of her age.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## On the Death of Mrs. D. C. Rogers.

A short time since, and thou wert here,  
In health and vigor, strong,  
We little dreamed that death was near,  
Or thought to see thee on thy bier,  
Alas! we all were wrong.

Husband and children mourn thy loss,  
Their dearest tie is broke,  
Brothers and sisters are bereft,  
A widowed mother also left,  
To feel the heavy stroke.

And that dear babe, so young so fair,  
So like a cherub blest,  
That ne'er can know a mother's care  
Or hear an anxious mother's prayer,  
Or on her bosom rest.

Oh God! to thee we lift our eye,  
Hear now our earnest prayer,  
To thee, the case we would refer,  
May all that once belonged to her  
Be thy peculiar care.

Her husband bless—Oh! let thy love,  
Thy peace with him abide;  
May he be father, mother, all,  
To five dear children, yet too small,  
To be without a guide.

And when the path of life is run  
And time with them is o'er,  
May parents, children, all unite,  
And dwell forever in thy sight,  
Where parting is no more.

Troy, Dec. 5, 1836.

C.

For the Rural Repository.

To \* \* \* —.

Lines by an inmate of the Hudson Asylum for the insane.

Oh why — dost thou lonely rove  
Like some sad bird with heart forsaken?  
Whose mate, in wandering through the grove,  
Some thoughtless child hath rashly taken.  
Knowest thou the hand that formed the heart,  
Is leading by those sympathies,  
That now in silence mourn apart,  
Thine own to sweetest, holiest ties,  
Which ne'er again can be unbound,  
Which time, nor life, nor death can sever?—  
Soon may thy kindred heart be found  
And happiness be thine forever! VICTORIA.  
Hudson, Sept. 23, 1836.

## Too Soon.

Too soon! too soon! how oft that word  
Comes o'er the spirit like a spell;  
Awakening every mournful chord  
That in the human heart may dwell!  
Of hopes that perished in their noon—  
Of youth decayed—too soon, too soon!  
Too soon, too soon—it is a sound  
To dim the light with many a tear,  
As bitterly we gaze around,  
And find how few we love are here;  
Ah!—when shall we again commune  
With those we lost too soon—too soon!

Too soon, too soon—how wild that tone  
Bursts on our dearest hours of bliss,  
And leaves us silent and alone,  
To muse on such a theme as this;  
No frown upon the quiet noon,  
Whose parting light comes all too soon!

Too soon, too soon—if e'er were thine  
The joys, the fears, the hopes of love;  
If thou hast knelt before the shrine  
Of beauty, in some starlight grove;  
Whose lips, young roses, breathed of June,  
Thou'st wept these words—too soon, too soon!

Too soon is stamped on every leaf,  
In characters of dim decay;  
Too soon is writ in tears of grief!  
On all things fading fast away!  
Oh! is there one terrestrial boon,  
Our hearts lose not?—too soon, too soon.

From the Gift for 1837.

## Burial of the Emigrant's Babe.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I MUSED amidst the place of graves,  
When the brief autumn day,  
With its hoarse minstrelsy of storms,  
Sank to its rest away—  
The long grass gave a rustling sound,  
As to the mourner's tread—  
And lo! a lone woman came,  
The bearer of her dead.

No stately hearse, or sable pall,  
Or tall plumes waving high,  
Impressed the solemn pomp of woe  
Upon the passer by—  
But Nature's grief, so soft unknown  
Beside the proud man's bier,  
Where long processions slowly move,  
Spoke, forth, resistless, here.

No foot of neighbor or of friend,  
In pitying love drew nigh,  
Nor the sweet German dirge breathed out,  
As 'neath her native sky,  
To bless the clay that came to sleep  
Within the hallowed sod,  
And emulate that triumph-strain  
Which gives the soul to God.

Poor babe! that grieving breast from whence  
Thy transient life-stream flowed,  
Dost press the coffin as it goes  
On to the last abode;  
Those patient arms that sheltered thee,  
With many a tender prayer,  
In sad reluctance yield thee back  
To earth, thy mother's care.

No priestly hand the immortal scroll  
Of heavenly hope displayed,  
As in the drear and darkened vault  
Her infant gem she laid;  
And wildly mid the stranger shades  
Of that sequestered dell,  
The lofty language of the Rhine  
In troubled cadence fell.

But grasping fast the mourner's skirts,  
In wonder and in fear,  
A boy, who thrice the spring had seen,  
Stood all unnoticed near,  
And wistful on his mother's face,  
Was fixed the fair child's eye,  
While tear-drops o'er his glowing cheek  
Gushed forth, he knew not why.

For sympathy's o'erwhelming sob  
Awake his bosom's strife,  
And wondering sorrows strongly stirred  
The new-born fount of life—  
Yea—still that trace of woe must gleam  
From life's unwritten page,  
Though Memory's casket he should search  
With the dim eye of Age.

But with so strong so deep a power  
That lonely funeral stole,  
Among the pictured scenes that dwell  
For ever in the soul,  
That often when I wander near  
And sad winds murmur low,  
Starting, I seem once more to hear  
That wailing mother's woe.

## To an Ancient Inkstand,

Used more than sixty years, in the study of the  
Rev. Dr. Perkins.

CAPACIOUS vase!—so long decreed  
The roots of intellect to feed,  
And patient aid the graphic art  
To tinge the thought, and touch the heart,  
Who can thy varied toils pourtray?  
Thy tireless zeal, both night and day?

Ordained to serve from youth to age  
The saint, philosopher and sage,  
Who laboring for his Savior's sake,  
The slumber of the soul to wake,  
Beholds with clear and heavenward eye  
Time's frosty years pass harmless by.

—Oh, still that honored master's will  
With faithful diligence fulfill,  
Until his high commission o'er  
He needs such humble friends no more:—  
Then take my place, with ancient state,  
'Mid relics of the good and great.

L. H. S.

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